Hoping to Hit You Somewhere Vital

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Hoping to Hit You Somewhere Vital

by gapsinthedays

Summary

Hannibal would like nothing more than to break Will Graham down.

Notes

title from "Sex with a Ghost" by Teddy Hyde

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

He is easy to understand, just as much as he is endlessly complicated. The moment that Hannibal lays eyes on his face, scents his distress in the air of Jack's office at feeling cornered by an unfamiliar Alpha. Hannibal has heard about him; his strange empathy and sensitivity, the way he doesn't make eye contact with anyone, even when socially expected or with other Omegas, the brash mannerisms he holds, the bite scar laced into Jack's hand for forgetting to respect boundaries. Will Graham is both a challenge and someone so vulnerable that every instinct screams to protect and to kill. He smells delightful in a way that suggests his meat would be lovely in nearly any dish, though Hannibal thinks he would have to fatten the boy up some first if he intends to have a decent meal.

"Will," Jack says. He sounds like he's chastising him. "This is Dr. Lecter."

Will makes a noise that is equal parts a greeting and a dismissal, and continues to look over the evidence board in front of him to build a connection. Jack seems about to offer an apology, but thinks the better of it when they both scent Will's irritation and frustration. He must know what this is then- rather than just an extra consultation, it is every part a way to keep Will in check. He doesn't know his place any more than he knows his sanity.

"It is often polite to offer a proper greeting."

"Didn't hear one from you," Will retorts.

He takes something off the board and moves it around before just holding it in front of his face and studying it. The look Jack fixes Hannibal with is more of a plea than anything else. *Please help me* , it says. *I don't know what to do. I can't control him. I don't understand him.*

Hannibal hopes his face and scent are reassuring. *I am here,* he tries to convey. *I know what to do. I will control him. I will understand him. I will bring him to his knees and make him my bitch.*

Of course, he says none of these things aloud; rather, he busies himself in the intricacies of this conversation, and getting Will used to his scent, his presence, his love. Hannibal does intend to love the man, no matter what happens between them at all. Someone will have to. Someone will need to put him together again when he falls apart.

"It's a pleasure to meet you," he finally says, giving in and at least trying to start this whole thing off on the right foot. "My name is Hannibal Lecter. You are?"

"Jack told you my name."

Stubborn little thing. No matter, it can be remedied eventually, just as every dog can eventually be house broken. Hannibal heard Will has several now well-trained strays, a testament to the ability to get into the mind of any creature given enough time, energy, and power. Will is going to be a challenge, certainly, but he will not be an insurmountable one. His eyes skate around the room, never landing on a single person or thing unless it's the case

file. Too deferent, perhaps to the point of antagonism when it's impossible to tell if he's really listening.

"I'd still like to hear it from you, or I could simply address you as your title."

He doesn't say *Omega* , but the threat of being relegated to dynamic makes Will bare his teeth and turn his back on both Hannibal and Jack, pulling up his jacket's collar to protect his neck lest the sight be taken as a sign of submission. Still, Will doesn't introduce himself, so Hannibal gets up and comes up close enough behind him to smell his scent fully, opening the bouquet of his sweet fertility and bitter aggression. He smells as much like sweat and sickness and rage as he does of the warmth of his body's ability to carry a child, his dynamic, his barely concealed preheat. Vulnerable. His instinct to submit must be especially strong right now, with mere days to his next heat, but he remains stubborn with almost regal resolve.

"Do not be so disrespectful, Omega," he commands, letting the growl roll through his body until it sends shivers down Will's own. "It's unbecoming to be rude to Alphas, especially your friends. Introduce yourself."

"Special Agent Graham."

Obedience, but still refusal. It's admirable. It's irritating. Hannibal itches with the urge to put his hands on Will's delicate skin, but chooses instead to wait for the day Will offers his submission freely. It will take encouragement. A firm hand. Patience. But it is possible, he knows, eventually, and so he backs off and gives Will the space to return to his thinking. Jack seems quietly impressed by even that admission from the man, showing just how much of a difficulty it has been to wrangle him. No matter. Hannibal will show Will the way.

He imagines Will not just as a submissive, obedient mate, but as a wild, bloodthirsty thing that could stand besides Hannibal in a kill and become just as aroused by the loss of life and the taste of tender flesh. He could be a feral, lovely thing as a killer.

Will finds what he's looking for on the board, and goes on to give this speech to Jack about what he thinks happened, with an interesting note in his voice. He speaks with first person pronouns. He speaks like a monster, one Hannibal is desperate to turn him into. Hannibal knows his intrigue must be visible in his eyes, detectable in his scent, but Jack is just as caught up in Will's speech as the Omega is himself.

Jack leaves to investigate, letting them rest on their own in his office- a ploy, it seems to settle Will into Hannibal's scent and teach him to accept it. Such a volatile Omega must be acclimated to a new Alpha in his life, particularly one who is specifically brought in to know him, control him, reign in his anger and make him into a pretty pet FBI agent.

Oh, Hannibal will make him into a pet. But not Jack's.

Left alone, Will finds himself a perch on the edge of Jack's desk, and studies a place just below Hannibal's jaw, likely his throat. The space where a bond mark would be is covered, but he knows the expanse of bared skin will draw in the instincts in Will that crave an Alpha,

crave domination. It would be easy to take him right here and now. Easier to brush it off as something Will begged for.

Surprisingly enough, it is Will who makes the first move, parting his legs and tilting his head back ever so slightly. The smallest sign of submission. Hannibal is powerless to avoid standing and coming closer. It feels like a trap. Will is certainly said to be so cunning. But he's also in pre-heat, and could simply be reacting to a strong Alpha in his presence. Either way, Hannibal finds himself between Will's spread legs, wrapping a hand around his pale throat just tightly enough to feel the steady pulse of his heart. Hannibal has become the wolf, and Will his prey, making this a moment where he could so easily tear Will's throat out and bathe in his blood. Instead, he leans down for a kiss.

Will's lips are chapped from dehydration, and the small of his back damp with sweat beneath Hannibal's palm. By all means, this should be off putting. Instead, it drives Hannibal to bite a little into the kiss and pull Will's body tighter against his own. He's so warm. He's perfect. Hannibal breaks the kiss to nose along his jaw and nip at his skin, chasing bruises, as Will whines and tries to get more like the desperate creature he is beneath the surface. His true nature is simmering. Waiting. Hannibal is tempted to kneel between his legs and taste him, but too knowing of Will's stubborn streak to risk a submissive position.

So instead, he undoes the fastenings on Will's pants and tugs them down to his knees. He'll need Will bent over the desk to have him properly. Hannibal is just about to say so when Will makes the movement himself, even arches his back to present himself. The scent of his preheat, his slick, wafts through the air. It's too difficult to resist him. Some amount of self control, much more than Hannibal thought he would need, is necessary to actually get his fingers inside Will and prep him before pushing in and claiming his beautiful prize.

"You're wet," he observes, pleased at the sheer amount of slick ready for him when he pushes two fingers into Will's slick heat.

"I know you can smell the preheat on me," Will snarks in answer. "And you've been kissing me like it's your job. You wanted me wet, Dr. Lecter."

"That I will not deny."

He shuts up any potential response by crooking his fingers and seeking out Will's prostate, finding it soon enough to reduce any attempted words to a whine and the loose sound of his hands scrabbling at Jack's hardwood desk.

Invite me into your space and I will make your problem Omega defile it .

Hannibal doesn't spend much time prepping Will before he pushes into him. Will obviously doesn't do this much, for how tight he is and how sensitive he seems when Hannibal reaches down to cup his hand around his cocklet. That earns something beautiful. The way Will arches his back, the cry that falls from his lips, the flush that tints the back of his neck just as much as his cheeks. If this is preheat, he can only imagine what Will must be like in the full throes.

“Good Omega,” he growls, reaching to slip his fingers into Will’s mouth to quiet him before they’re found out. He should have expected Will’s response, which is to bite him hard enough to draw blood. Hannibal almost can’t bring himself to be angry about it, instead frustrated with himself for not expecting this from Will in the first place. There was no reason to believe he wouldn’t misbehave in such a way. Hannibal withdraws his hand, now bloody, and uses it to squeeze Will’s throat tighter than he should.

Submit , the choke hold says.

Will wheezes out a laugh, unphased, and laughs at Hannibal until he pulls his fingers out in favor of fucking him. He’ll make Will beg. Break him. God, he wants to destroy him in every way possible, and then rebuild him in his own image like Adam in Genesis. He nips at Will’s shoulder when he pushes in.

“Fuck,” Will moans, arching his back and grabbing at Jack’s desk. A fresh wave of slick eases the way, accompanied by the delicious scent of Will’s fertility. Lovely. He kisses along Will’s shoulders, lips meeting fabric, but so close to the real thing it aches. “Harder. I won’t break.”

Of course, Hannibal can’t resist, and puts his whole body into fucking him, driving Will’s hips into Jack’s desk in such a way that there will undoubtedly be bruises on him through his whole heat. This will be unforgettable. Hannibal growls and tries again to bite his neck, this time aiming for a mate bite, but the second his teeth get too close, Will shoves him away with surprising agility and strength. He’s shaken by the display of control, leaving him vulnerable to Will grabbing him and dragging him to the floor, straddling his waist to take control of it. The angle allows Hannibal to get deeper into Will’s ass.

He gets his hands onto Will’s hips, and in return, receives a hand on his neck like he had just done. Karma, he supposes. But Will’s grip is less punishing and more threatening. It says that he could choke him, if he wanted to. He could crush his windpipe and take his life away, but he chooses not to, at least for now. And that only pushes Hannibal’s desire to tame him, even if it seems less feasible by the moment.

He has to have him.

Hannibal pushes himself up on his elbows and plants his feet for the leverage to really give it to Will, even if he’s not physically on top of him anymore. It gives him the chance to ruck up Will’s shirt and kiss his flushed chest. The heat is so close to fruition that Hannibal can taste it in the fine sheen of sweat on his skin. He wants to be the one to carry Will through his heat. Then, Will won’t be able to take back control when Hannibal tries to mate him, no matter how sexy the defiance is.

The shift in angle makes Hannibal’s knot start to swell, triggered by how close he is to coming and the perfume of heat just edging in on Will’s scent, but Will comes first with a loud whine and a series of little moans. Hannibal expects to be able to finish too, but before he gets the chance to work his knot into Will’s body, he pulls off.

“No!”

But he's out of reach before Hannibal can grab him, on shaky legs and with slick drooling down his thighs, but out of reach nonetheless. "You're not going to knot me," he breathes. He's out of breath, Hannibal notes with at least a little pride. "You can come on me, if you want, but not in me."

"I can come wherever I please."

"No." Will places a foot on Hannibal's chest to keep him down, the light hitting his dress shoe just enough to gleam. "If you want to come, you'll come on me or yourself. Or I'll just leave you here to cry about it, *Alpha.* "

As irritated as he is, Hannibal doesn't fancy all this work not to get off, so he uses his hand to bring himself back to the edge and comes all over Will's navy pants. Everyone will know what they did. He massages his knot as he comes, eyes shut to imagine what it would have felt like to get to do this inside of Will, to breed him, to fill him with kits.

Marking him will have to do. When he finishes, Will sighs and strips off the soiled clothes, stretching and paying no attention to the fact that he's naked and displaying the pert ass Hannibal wants nothing more than to push into and claim.

"Luckily for me, Jack lets me keep spare clothes in here," Will says, beginning to rifle through the cabinets. "He says I look homeless half the time, so most of my formal clothes are in his office. I was supposed to dress up today." He finds a pair of slacks comparable in color to the stained ones. "I guess it was to impress you. Are you impressed, Dr. Lecter?"

"I'm certainly not satisfied."

Will laughs and fluffs up his damp hair, as though anyone will be unable to smell the sex on him after what they've done. The cologne Hannibal sprays on himself will help, but anyone with a sensitive nose will know. Any Omega. Although, it's likely Will is the only Omega around here, and is only allowed to do this profiling job because of whatever empathy disorder makes him special.

He leaves first, giving Hannibal mere moments to put himself back together to follow.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

I have trouble responding to comments but I do see them and they mean the world!

If you enjoy the fic/enjoy a chapter *please* leave a comment and/or reblog it on tumblr it means the world

Working on the case brings them to another victim in Minnesota three days later, after Will's heat has past but the exhaustion has not, where one victim displayed in a field is allegedly a victim of the killer they're chasing. Hannibal knows she isn't. He knows because he killed her himself, carving her still breathing lungs from her chest and feeling their weight in his hands. He imagined they were Will's. This is the ultimate assertion of dominance. He consumes his kills. The killer they're hunting is weak, a fool, a mess. It's a wonder he hasn't been caught yet. But Hannibal hid his own proclivities under the weight of the Minnesota Shrike's deeds, and he remembers the taste of her now as he stares at the body.

Will meets Hannibal's eyes over the copycat victim's body. "He didn't do this one. He didn't honor her. He made a show of her."

"So you think there is a copycat?"

Will nods rather than verbalizes a response, and lets his gloved hand skate along the victim's ribs. They can both smell her dynamic, or rather the absence of one, suggesting either that she was a beta or her scent glands were all cut out of her body. Based on the fact that the other victims were Alphas, and the fact that Hannibal tasted her lovely flesh, she was an Alpha before she was brutalized. He remembers her now, and wonders if Will would have liked her taste, or if his delicate Omega sensibilities would be too off put by the scent.

"Whoever the copycat is, he'll never kill this way again," Will says. "We'll probably never catch him. But the style of this kill is… familiar."

That gets Jack's attention. "To?"

"It reminds me of the Chesapeake Ripper. It's particular, it's a display, there were surgical trophies taken."

Clever boy, Hannibal notes, even as Jack reminds Will they're states away from the ripper's hunting ground. It is that phrasing that makes Will narrow his beautiful eyes at Hannibal. He doesn't have enough suspicion to really investigate, but it has occurred to the man now. Will must know no one will believe him if he says anything about it.

"That's interesting," he says.

Hannibal risked a lot by killing here, where the patterns can be traced to him, but he wanted Will to see, to be able to solve the shrike case so they can return safely home and Hannibal can carry on the process of breaking him unhindered by unfamiliar hotel rooms and the press of a case at their heels. This was a gift. A courting gesture. He can only hope that Will will one day be able to appreciate it when he develops a taste for the kill.

Then again, there is a particular flash in Will's eyes that suggests he may already appreciate it, whether on his own or as a consequence of living his life in the minds of serial killers and death. Hannibal wanders what Will might find if he stepped into his own mind; would he know instantly? Or would the poor thing become lost?

He asks by circling the kill and observing the cut down the victim's chest. "Pretend I am the killer, Will. Why do I take someone else's MO?"

There's a moment where Will settles himself into the mind of another. His eyes unfocus before he shuts them, and when he opens them once more, it's with his pupils slightly blown and his scent acrid at the edges.

"You want to impress someone," he says. The only word for his voice is *slimy* . "You're familiar with the details of this case, so either you're one of us or you know the real killer. Probably his friend. You may have even shown him the way. But he isn't why you're doing this. No. Someone caught your eye and this is an offering. It says you can take down a threat. You can protect. You can provide." Will blinks a few times. "You're an Alpha trying to court a mate. They're someone you can't openly court, or who rejects your advances, so you're resulting to your most primal urges to show that you'd be a good Alpha." His eyes focus again, and meet Hannibal's. "This is your design."

Hannibal wants to kiss him for being so smart, for knowing everything, even when it's a threat. He steps forward, about to put his hand to Will's cheek and hold him, prove affection, when Will turns away and tells Jack his more structured, put together theory about what he thinks happened here. While he delivers his quickly constructed profile, Hannibal has to recognize that if he is to get caught, it will be by Will's shaky hand. And, he realizes, he does not see any defeat in that. Simply being known would be more than enough.

That night, while someone else does most of the hard investigative work, Hannibal intends to go over to Will's. He wants to see him, touch him, feel his warmth again, but even after ten minutes of insistent knocking there is no answer, and when he focuses, Hannibal finds his scent to be a bit faded, as though he's gone out. Where would he be going so late?

After a moment's deliberation, Hannibal decides to wait there for Will to return from wherever he's gone. A calm part of him says that Will is likely working on this case. A feral part of him says Will has sought out another Alpha's bed to warm. A middle space says maybe Will has the bloodthirstiness of any potential mate good enough for Hannibal. Regardless, he will find out if it's the last thing he ever does.

Three hours later, Will comes back. He's wearing new clothes that smell like the drug store, and blood clings to his scent like an afterthought. He was killing. Hannibal watches him swipe his key card, and as Will begins to shut the door behind him, he rushes forward to stick

a foot in the door jam and prevent it from shutting and locking. Will's eyes go wide like dinner plates and he backs away.

"Tell me where you were," Hannibal softly commands, stepping into the cheap FBI-procured room and shutting the door. It locks immediately. Will looks away and there's a stray streak of rust along the line of his jaw. "And don't lie, Omega."

"You know where I was."

Hannibal crosses the distance between them and cups Will's face, though he is not so stupid as to put his fingers near Will's mouth this time. "Was it your first?"

"That woman you tried to frame the Minnesota Shrike for wasn't yours."

"I haven't killed anyone, Will."

That makes him laugh a little, but he doesn't argue. Instead he tilts his head back slightly, submissively. This is another thing Hannibal has learned not to trust. Will may play at submissive when in reality, he never gives up the control. Clever. Hannibal will not repeat his errors from last time when Will denied him the pleasure of knotting his heavenly body and treated him like a toy. He won't fall for it this time, he tells himself, but he still has the instinct to bury his face in Will's neck and claim him.

"How did you do it?"

"You'll see."

Hannibal chances a kiss, which Will allows, but it tastes like blood. Perhaps he does share certain proclivities. Unfortunately, Hannibal doesn't get the chance to ask before Will shoves him toward the bed. By all means, being able to kill and then push Hannibal around so soon after heat shouldn't be easy or even possible, but there is something feral in Will that makes him vicious.

It is terrifying.

It is beautiful.

Will yanks off his cheap, flimsy sweatpants and straddles Hannibal's lap. It's not unlike last time, though it quickly changes in the way Will fully undresses himself and guides Hannibal's hands to his waist to help him once he's ready to be filled and to move.

"You're certainly something," Hannibal muses as Will undoes his slacks and pulls Hannibal's cock out to press against his hole. He's already slick from the aftereffects of the kill and his recent heat, and he doesn't bother to prepare himself, making him feel so much more unbearably tight than before. It's heavenly. Only some sense of needing to prove superiority stops him from pushing his hips up and burying himself all the way. He has to seem in control of himself to be able to control Will. "My beautiful Omega."

"I'm not yours."

Will punctuates his words by sinking down on Hannibal's cock and giving his home a hand on Hannibal's throat. So it is just like last time. Strangely enough, he finds himself almost enjoying being completely at the mercy of such a wild and dominating Omega. Will could shift his thumbs and dig them in deep, and Hannibal would be out in moments. Will could bite him and claim Hannibal made an untoward advance (and Jack would believe his prized toy over a doctor hired to corral him). Will could kill him. Instead, however, he squirms on top of Hannibal with his soft lips parted and the most delightful sounds spilling from him.

"Do I get the pleasure of knotting you tonight, Omega?"

"I'll think about it."

He shifts until the angle is perfect for him and then chases his pleasure in slow circles of his hips, more grinding than actually fucking himself. It teases Hannibal in the process, something he can't discern as the reason or an unintended consequence.

"Will the body be reminiscent of another uncaught killer?" he asks. He needs to know if this is Will's first kill. He needs to study any before this one and use it to draw Will in and make sure he knows he could be exposed if he continues to rebuff Hannibal's advances. He has been courting a killer for quite some time, back home, though they never met, and part of him hopes that Will is responsible. The blood in his mouth certainly suggests similarities to the Wolf of Virginia. "Or did someone else's work inspire you?"

"A friend is in town, and to not say hello would be rude."

Will raises himself up a little and drops back down, and Hannibal groans. "You don't seem the sort to care."

"My friend does."

"And you were leaving him a gift?"

"Responding to his."

Hannibal has just enough time to notice the blood caked around Will's nails before he scratches down his chest. Ah. So this is to build an alibi. Hannibal's a little irritated, but not enough to put a stop to this when Will is so warm and wet around him in a perfect counterpoint to the sharp drag of his nails and the heavy pressure of his palm.

Please , he thinks. *Please let me have you* .

Immediately after, Will's breath hitches and his eyes flutter shut. He's almost there. "The Wolf and the Ripper have been courting for a long time, Dr. Lecter." Then he comes, a pathetic dribble from his cocklet but a beautiful explosion of moans from his mouth and his hole going that much tighter around Hannibal's cock.

And then the bastard gets up on wobbly legs and wets a paper towel in the kitchenette's sink to clean himself- his chest, between his legs. He doesn't seem at all bothered by the fact that Hannibal didn't get to come, didn't even get much more than teasing. He growls and gets up,

corning Will against the counter, one hand on his thigh, moments from hitching it up around his waist and fucking Will like he deserves.

Unfortunately, Will is one step ahead. He grabs Hannibal's hand and looks him in the eyes for the very first time. "If you try and force me, I will scream. I will scream at the top of my lungs until Jack comes running. He'll look at the scratches on your chest and the bruises on my waist and it'll be over. You don't fuck me, you don't come, without my permission."

He wiggles out from between Hannibal and the counter. "I was going to let you fuck my mouth. I was even considering letting you knot it. But since you can't be nice, I'll have to ask you to leave."

Hannibal reaches for him once more, but the second his fingertips brush Will's arm, he screams. He screams like a frightened child, nearly hysterical in its pitch. "Jack! Help me! Help!"

A few doors down, there's a slam. They have seconds. Will offers Hannibal the most wicked of smiles and stares him down, waiting for him to say something. After a moment, it becomes clear he wants an apology, as Jack begins to knock on the door, demanding to know if Will is okay.

"Jack!" Will yells again, his face completely calm.

"I'm sorry, Omega," Hannibal begrudgingly says. "I'm sorry."

"Like you mean it."

This is humiliating. Hannibal drops to his knees and kisses the back of Will's hand. "Please, forgive me."

Will pulls away and drags his sweatpants back onto his body before going to the door. He looks freshly fucked, but with the context of the screaming, it is easily mistaken as fear. Hannibal hides like a teenager caught in his boyfriend's bedroom.

"I'm sorry," Will says, faking a yawn in the doorway, just barely out of Hannibal's sight. "I had a nightmare. Didn't mean to wake you."

"Don't scare me like that," Jack says sternly. "When we get back to Quantico, I want you to start counseling with Dr. Lecter. I've been worried for a while but if you're having night terrors like that…"

"I'm sorry, Alpha."

It takes everything Hannibal has not to growl at the title offered to another Alpha. Staying hidden is the only thing that stops him at all.

"I'll talk to Dr. Lecter about it tomorrow," Will promises.

He then bids his goodnight to Jack Crawford and returns to his bed,ot. stretching out lazily with little regard to the sweat and blood still on his body. Beneath it all, Hannibal picks up

once more on the sick scent underlying his sweet scent. Something is wrong with him, surely. Maybe the authority being his doctor will give Hannibal will allow him not just to tame Will, but to understand him in a way no one has before. He will belong to Hannibal whether he's accepted that yet or not.

Chapter 3

There is no body found in the morning, nor the next day, or the day after that when Hannibal trails Will on the investigation to try and identify the Minnesota Shrike. It leads them to the Hobbs house (and of course Hannibal calls ahead, intending to find out what will happen if Will is confronted), arriving long before Jack or backup can dream of finding their way to the area. He doesn't ask about what has been done in the rental car provided by the FBI, not wanting to risk the decent chance that it's bugged. Will also seems more than happy to ignore the elephant in the room and pretend Hannibal doesn't know he's the same exquisite sort of feral.

As they approach, Mrs. Hobbes' body is thrown from the house. It is at that moment that Will's whole body tenses and his scent sours.

"You did something," he accuses.

"I would never."

Will rolls his eyes and pulls his gun before walking out, his anger and irritation trailing after him. Hannibal waits outside. He knows this will not be the way Will enjoys his kills, and so he won't taint his first impressions by watching the impersonal burial of a bullet in another murderer's chest.

It's only when Will makes a distressed sound that Hannibal follows him inside. Garret Jacob Hobbs is dead with a claw mark on his face and three bullets in his chest, while Will hovers over his daughter and tries to hold her slit throat together with his bare hands. He's distressed, crying, panicking.

"Please don't die," he begs her.

Her eyes roll back.

Hannibal would have normally allowed the girl to simply pass away, but he can't stand the pain and fear in Will's eyes, likely a result of some paternal instinct screaming to escape in an Omega this old with no mate, no kits. So he kneels and replaces Will's trembling hands with his own, holding on and trying to staunch the bleeding without crushing the girl's delicate windpipe. She's probably beyond saving, but this seems to calm Will down enough to back away, even as he gasps for air and tears roll down his cheeks.

It's an alluring sight. Hannibal longs to see him cry like that in other situations, still covered in blood, but now deferring to be comforted.

"Why does death put you off now, Will?" he asks. He will not provide mercy. "Did you not kill someone last night?"

"She's just a kit. She didn't do anything."

Implying that the people he kills, he believes have done him or someone else a grievous wrong. A killer with morals. Hannibal considers himself to be similar- he chooses the rude as victims more often than he doesn't- but not so staunch in his beliefs, not so picky about whose blood spills across his hands and graces his dinner table.

So Hannibal tries to keep the girl alive until backup comes with an ambulance, and she's toted off to the nearest hospital to see if a miracle is in order. That leaves Will to be evaluated for shock by one of the paramedics, and Hannibal to wash his hands in the kitchen sink so the blood stops clinging to his skin and inspiring him to turn this crime scene into something more artful than messy.

The Wolf of Virginia is messy in his kills, meticulous in his forensic countermeasures. Both organized and disorganized. It makes Hannibal curious what sort of killer Will is, and whether he'll ever get to see it. (If he has anything to say about the matter, he'll have a front row seat.) A part of him wants to believe Will could be the Wolf. He wants him to be. But an Omega isn't capable of that much viciousness, even one as feisty as Will.

Hannibal thinks briefly about the idea of the beautiful Wolf of Virginia being another Alpha, one he'd have to truly dominate, and finds the idea nearly as exciting as that of putting Will in his place. He likes the fight, in all truthfulness; he likes that he has to earn submission, and he likes that he will chase and hunt down his mate until they have no choice but to submit to him in every way possible. The challenge and the adrenaline make it better. The victory over a stubborn mate is a sweeter one than that of chasing a docile little creature.

"Could you take him back to the hotel, Dr. Lecter?" Jack asks, breaking Hannibal from his thoughts. Will is still sitting on the hood of his car, a shock blanket around his shoulders, eyes vacant and bloody hands shaking. "I don't think he should be here anymore, but he's in no state to drive, and could use some looking after."

"Of course."

Will is nonresponsive, pliant even, as Hannibal guides him into the car and buckles his seatbelt for him. This is beautiful. Hannibal brushes Will's damp hair from his face and cups his jaw, happy with the way he's allowed to take his fill, even if it's a temporary submission for reasons outside himself. The roughness of Will's stubble perfectly contrasts his needy whine.

"I'm taking you home, Omega, don't worry.

He expects another bout of rough sex once they have privacy, but Will goes straight to the shower and doesn't emerge until he's been scrubbed pink to get rid of the blood and its cloying scent, leaving Hannibal to sit on the edge of the bed. He seems calmer.

"I don't kill kits," he says softly. "Never. I know the Ripper chooses to, on occasion, but I would rather you kill me than lay a hand on a kit, Dr. Lecter. I mean it."

"You say that like I cut the poor girl's throat."

"You looked too excited not to have had a hand in it."

Hannibal didn't know he was so easily read. He'll work on that. But he agrees, if only to placate Will for the time being, and spreads his legs for Will to step between. Like a fish drawn to a lure, he does. His bare body is warm. His waist fits Hannibal's hands perfectly, and his crooked smile feels like a victory.

"You want to watch me, don't you?"

"I'd rather touch you."

With a little laugh, Will places his hands over Hannibal's and guides them to grope him. Feel him. Hannibal tugs him in so their hips align and there's just the slightest hint that they could grind against one another.

"I think we're talking about two different things."

But he doesn't push Hannibal to answer the real question, instead relaxing into his touch like he wasn't in shock over the potential death of a girl he's never met before only a single short hour ago. He wonders if Will was acting, but there's no way to fake such distress. The boy is an enigma in every sense of the term and Hannibal wants to unravel him like a ball of twine.

"Where's the body, Will?"

"Decaying."

Will settles himself in Hannibal's lap, scenting along his jaw almost posessively.

"He won't be found. Unlike you, I care more about my safety than putting on a show."

He presses his lips to Hannibal's ear.

"I'll save my courtships for home territory."

So he is courting, then. Or at least trying to. Hannibal hums and slips his hand between Will's cheeks to feel him just beginning to get slick. So he truly was upset, if he's not already dripping for it. Hannibal coos at him almost like a child and uses the small amount of slick that is present to lubricate a finger and press it into him. Will is always so tight. So hot. Truly, a worthy and beautiful mate. Add that to how lovely his fertility smells and how badly Hannibal wants to breed him, and it's the perfect match.

As though Will could sense those thoughts, he nips sharply at Hannibal and leans back. There's irritation on his face, nose scrunched. Ah, so Hannibal must smell as possessive as he feels. No apologies can cross his lips before Will is off his lap and reaching for clothes.

"We go back to Quantico in the morning," he says.

"And?"

"Then I reopen the Ripper case for Jack. I expect you to be difficult to catch?"

Hannibal can't help a smile. "I always am, sweet Omega."

Will rolls his eyes. He finishes getting dressed rather quickly, but doesn't seem even slightly inclined to ask Hannibal to leave. Rather, he's more than happy to share the bed, even easing Hannibal back with hands on his shoulders so he can curl up with him, head tucked demurely under Hannibal's chin and inhaling his scent happily. It's the picture of domestic bliss, a tease of what could be had, under just the right circumstances, and Hannibal is starving to have this in his luxurious bed at home.

As Will's breath begins to even out, a clear sign that the Omega is at ease, Hannibal plays with his hair and softly asks again where the body is. Will only hums. He is beautiful, though, in this peaceful state, only sighing in pleasure when Hannibal cups his ass to pull him closer. Hannibal can't bring himself to do something untoward, not in sleep, but he wishes he were a stronger man so might feast himself on actual control for the first time with Will. Any moment he has felt it has been a ruse.

He remembers the feel of Will's hand on his throat, remembers the slight pressure and dizziness that came with a lack of oxygen, and pulls Will closer to him. It had been… nice. He thinks of the possibility of something more permanent, like a collar, and surprises himself by imagining its weight against his skin rather than placed against the pristine pale skin of Will's unmarked throat. He is not a submissive man. But something about that thought, about the idea of being collared by this dangerous Omega, makes his toes curl.

It's the thought of having an equal match, he tells himself. What he's really excited about is the thought of having to fight him for it.

Come morning, he wakes up, without having remembered falling asleep. Will is already up and about, though the pillow and sheets are slightly damp and heavily scented with his sweat. A nightmare, based on the undercurrent of fear. Hannibal is going to ask him about it, but then Will, drinking a coffee and leaning his naked body against the counter in the morning light through the blinds, gives him a small smile.

"Sleep well?"

"Well enough. And you?"

Will shrugs and doesn't offer Hannibal any coffee. "Long night, I suppose. But I want something, if you'll give it to me."

"What do you want?"

"Just stay put."

Will crosses the room and, still holding his coffee, straddles Hannibal's chest and knee-walks up until he's hovering above Hannibal's face. Needy. But Hannibal is just as desperate to taste him as Will is to be tasted, so he loops his arms around Will's thighs and pulls him down to give himself access to begin to lick up the slick and sweat gathered between his cheeks. He cleans him up. Then he begins to focus on Will's hole. He slowly licks over it, teasing soft mewls out of Will before pushing his tongue inside, chasing the slick that's been leaking since they started.

He tastes so sweet, so perfect. He tastes like he smells. Fertile. Needy. Soft. It reminds Hannibal like a particularly sweet peach, a hint of acidity to round it out like the most decadent of desserts. It's impossible not to lose himself in eating Will out, especially as the Omega rocks on his tongue, practically trying to fuck his face as he jerks off his tiny Omega cock.

Hannibal doesn't know why he keeps indulging Will like this when he knows he more than likely be allowed the luxury of his own orgasm, but he still puts his all into pleasuring him. He feels a little smug when he gets his palm around himself and isn't stopped from taking the edge off at the very least.

In a move intended to take back control in whatever way necessary, but he pushes Will up enough to set him off balance to flip them over.

"You don't come without my say so," he parrots back to him.

Will laughs at him.

"You're going to make me come."

"What makes you so sure?"

He crooks two fingers to gesture for Hannibal to come closer. Against his better judgement, he leans forward to listen.

"Because if I don't come, you can't fuck me. And like last time, if you start something, I *will* scream for help. You don't want to test me, Dr. Lecter."

This isn't a bluff, Hannibal knows from last time. He growls and buries his face between Will's thighs again and works him over until Will's back arches and he comes all over his stomach with a little cry. It's beautiful. Hannibal licks up the mess with the kind of adoration that suggests he's too far gone for Will.

"You can fuck me, if you want," Will says once he catches his breath.

It's almost arrogant in the assumptions it makes, but the phrasing has Hannibal scrambling to do just that, feel Will again like he's been starving for the slick heat his body provides. In a way he has.

There is no fight for dominance this time. Instead, Will takes what he is given and whines for closeness. Hannibal, of course, gives him that. He winds up pushing Will's legs up so that he's nearly bent in half, allowing him to not only get deeper inside him but to make Will vulnerable to the touch in such a way that has him near drooling and crying out in pleasure at every thrust.

"Alpha," Will whines.

That does it.

Hannibal comes, pushing his knot insistently at Will's rim until it pops past with a little fucked out sound from the Omega. A pathetic dribble of cum comes from his cocklet at the sensation. They're locked together now. Hannibal grabs Will's hips and lifts them up onto his own lap to encourage his cum to fill him, impregnate him. He wants to breed him. Will whimpers in annoyance and discomfort, but doesn't fight the change in position.

This is the calmest and most submissive Hannibal has seen, and it's both beautiful and disappointing. He wants the fire in Will's eyes, the scratching and biting that hasn't quite happened yet but is undoubtedly on the way.

"Mine," he says.

Will bares his teeth. "Mine, he counters, and pushes Hannibal's hands off his body, even if he knows better than to try and get away from the knot locking the two of them together for the next ten minutes or so. "You're mine, Alpha."

"Yours," he acquiesces, and leans down to scent along Will's throat. The Omega allows it this time, though after a moment he turns away his face and kicks his lovely legs to be let down from the uncomfortable position he's been held in since Hannibal fucked him.

Chapter 4

Back in Virginia, Hannibal is informed by Jack that he is to give Will counseling to ensure it's safe for him to return to work. It's important for the Omega to be stable and properly certified to be in the field, that way the FBI can claim freedom from the liability of his health. He's not just the unstable man with an empathy disorder, but a weakling, and they need to be sure of their decision to abuse his gifts for their personal gain.

He finds himself fixing his office over and over, nesting, trying to prove to Will that he is a provider. Weak. But it is also strong, to be able to make these changes to court this beautiful creature. He brings blankets from the closet out and spreads them on the available chairs, should Will want their comfort. He scent-marks all the furniture. He makes sure he has water and snacks on hand. Everything to make Will as comfortable as possible.

Will arrives five minutes late, the scent of sickness that much thicker on his skin than it has been before. He looks uncomfortable in his own skin, and oh how Hannibal just longs to touch him, comfort him, fix him. Instead he waits for Will to make the decision to come forward or otherwise.

Instead, Will goes straight to the bookcase, trailing scent behind him. It's sweet. It reminds Hannibal of fruit and rot and heart sizzling on the stove top. He follows, but not too closely, until Will skims his fingers along the books and glances at him over his shoulder.

"What's wrong?"

"Do you feel alright?"

Will's lip curls in irritation. "Jack's been saying I smell sick for months, but nobody's found anything, Don't start."

Hannibal holds up his hands in a gesture of surrender. "My apologies. I only wish to make sure you're well."

"Professional concern or personal?"

"I suppose I have taken an intimate interest in your welfare."

Will gives a small smile and takes a book off the shelf, skimming the text about neurological illnesses before returning it. His hair is sticking to the back of his neck. "It happens. For all I know, it's the thing that puts me in the minds of killers that makes me smell like that."

He stays at the bookcase, but changes the subject.

"Jack wants reassurance that I'm safe to put in the field."

"And I'll sign off on that."

Will snorts, and finally, approaches Hannibal in enough of a way to suggest that he wants his full attention. *You already have it* . Hannibal watches him, and the curl of his pretty lips into a smile.

“You’re rubber stamping me? But I’m so fragile, according to Jack, and I experienced such an awful trauma.”

“Garret Jacob Hobbs was not your first kill. Beyond that, I think you might be more inclined to be honest with me if you don’t feel I’m holding your job over your head.”

He makes another sound rather than speaking, a hum of acknowledgement this time. He bundles himself up in the blanket Hannibal spread on the chair, making his instincts sigh in satisfaction. He has provided for Will, even in such a small way.

“Consider this just… two friends talking, rather than any professional engagement.”

“Just friends?”

Hannibal remembers the feeling of Will’s ass around his cock and bites back a growl at the memory. He knows how much power Will has over him. How much control he has had taken away. It’s frustrating as much as it is intoxicating. He sits down across from Will and crosses his legs, getting his notepad to write down anything important that passes between them.

“Do you think we’re more than that?”

For a long moment, Will seems to consider it, before eventually shaking his head. “I would barely say we’re friends to begin with. You’re a coworker who I sometimes let make me come.”

He frames sex as something that brings him pleasure, rather than an intimate or even mutual act. That tracks with his behavior so far; he wants sex in his way exactly, and when Hannibal gets too into it for Will’s tastes, he’ll find a way to stop him. Be it with threats or by physically taking back control, it seems impossible for Will to feel comfortable submitting.

That can change, Hannibal thinks. *But should it?*

They settle into their roles as two people, two ‘not friends’ having a conversation, and Will begins to talk like he’s giving one of his lectures at Quantico rather than actually saying much. He talks about cases he solved. He reanalyzes killers he put away. But he does not talk about himself or indicate any emotions behind an arrogant satisfaction at outsmarting people the rest of law enforcement couldn’t.

Special Agent Graham, an omega not stable enough to be a real agent, but unstable enough to tear open cases that no one else can handle.

By the time the hour has mostly run its course, Will has managed not to say anything substantial about himself at all. It’s irritating, but not a pure indication of what the rest of their sessions will be like. Over time, eventually Will is simply going to have to talk about himself, even a small amount. Hannibal invites him, without thinking, for a home cooked

meal where they can continue to talk. Will looks close to declining, but then something occurs to him that makes his small smile reappear on those rosy lips.

“You’ll serve me fresh food, Dr. Lecter?”

The implication is not lost on him. “Only the best for you.”

Will nods and agrees then, setting the time for the next evening at seven. Hannibal has until then to exact his usual intricate kills. It’s not enough time. But that doesn’t bother him so much when he realizes this is the perfect opportunity to get Will to display his preferred style of kill. A Beta would be best. He doesn’t know Will’s victimology (Hannibal himself only picks those with good organs, gender and dynamic little more than a guide to preparation), just that he feels strongly about protecting kits, so a Beta is a good bet. He has one in mind, too, and doesn’t hesitate to cancel his last appointment of the next day so he has time to hunt their prey and bring it home for Will to help him slaughter.

They part ways for the night, their first meeting that didn’t conclude with sex, and Hannibal feels oddly cold without the fresh memory of Will’s skin against his own. He can’t wait to share a kill, share a meal, maybe share touches tomorrow. The thought excites him so much he can hardly breathe, nor can he keep himself calm at the mere idea of what’s to come.

He feels distant the whole next day- not that his patients particularly notice- with his plans to bring this gift home for Will. It is late afternoon when he’s finally free, and at that, he pulls on his gloves and plastic suit so he can abduct his chosen victim- a particularly rude and annoying man studying at a nearby university with a penchant for binge drinking and partying. He won’t be presumed murdered, simply that he overdosed or died because of an alcohol-related accident.

He’s easy to dose on a dark road, reeking of cheap beer, and drag back to Hannibal’s car to bring him home. He’ll tie the man down on the dining room table (with a plastic sheet beneath him of course) and present him as a gift to Will’s sharp teeth and ravenous appetite. He stuffs his victim into the backseat and drives home leisurely, music playing softly through the speakers. Quiet. Will probably wouldn’t like something so mellow, but this moment isn’t for him, though most of the others in Hannibal’s life suddenly are.

There’s enough time for Hannibal to properly gag and restrain their victim, prepare the mise en place for the rest of the meal, and shower/redress himself before Will arrives. He skips his usual step of cologne so that his natural scent is all the more apparent for his dangerous, angry, beautiful Omega.

Showing off to one another how they end their prey will be more intimate than any sex they’ve ever had. Hannibal shivers at the thought, even as he comes down to his door just in time for Will to knock on the other side of it. Will’s wet blue eyes meet his.

“Alpha Lecter,” he greets.

Alpha.

“Will.”

Neither of them mention the sudden respect, nor the fact that it is more than likely yet another ploy to make Hannibal salivate after his soft, perfect little body and razor sharp tongue. Hannibal takes Will's coat and hangs it politely, and avoids the urge to scent him while he leads the way to the dining room.

Will's breath stutters on an inhale.

"I thought you could do the honors," Hannibal says softly. "Show me how you kill them, darling Omega, and I will show you how the Ripper finishes them off."

It takes a moment to place the soft sound Will makes as a purr. Hannibal means to offer him gloves, or perhaps a face mask, to avoid a mess on his body or leaving DNA evidence, but Will pounces on the weakly struggling man before Hannibal can get the words out. He locks his teeth around the naked victim's pectoral, digging them in sharp and tearing a piece of his flesh out. It makes a wet sound. The victim screams in agony.

Like a man possessed, Will bites and claws at the body in such a way that Hannibal worries there will be no usable meat by the time he is finished. Each bite coats Will's teeth and chin in blood, and the pieces of the man's body slowly populate Hannibal's formerly pristine floor until finally, Will sees fit to tear out the throat of his prey.

The only sound that breaks the following silence is Will's ragged breathing.

Feral, gorgeous, perfect thing.

And when Hannibal looks at the body, he recognizes the fury, the beauty, the intricacy of each damning bite on their victim in such a way that it clicks. "The Wolf of Virginia," he murmurs. He picks up his scalpel and approaches, intent on harvesting the heart as he originally planned. It would be poetic, after all. He places the scalpel to the man's chest, careful not to nick Will where he still hasn't moved, and pries the ribs away from the sternum one by one. He's careful as he cuts out the heart.

"A Beta?" Will asks, wiping his face on his hands. *That isn't doing a thing for the mess.* "I prefer Alpha prey. Did you think I couldn't take an Alpha down, even restrained?"

"I simply didn't know what you would prefer. Even so, I believe The Wolf still takes Betas?"

"When they act like Alphas I find to be unsavory."

Hannibal files that information away for later, and reminds himself to never behave in such a way to incur Will's lethal wrath. He retrieves the heart and sets the raw organ on his cutting board before washing his hands and scalpel. He'll clean while the dish cooks, making sure everything is well timed. It would provide Will the opportunity to clean himself up. And yet, Hannibal doesn't want him clean. He wants to take Will, covered in blood, and make the body of that stupid, pathetic Beta watch them. He wants Will to lay on their victim's chest and stare into those lifeless eyes as he cries out in pleasure.

"Would you like a shower?"

“I’m good,” Will says, though he does go over to the sink and drink straight from the tap to wash his mouth out, over and over until the water comes out clear and his sharp white teeth flash at Hannibal in a grin again. “Do you mind the blood?”

“Not at all.”

Hannibal begins the roast of the heart before gathering the body up in the plastic sheet and dragging it out of the kitchen area, stowing it in the wine cellar to deal with in a bit. He uses bleach and a rag to clean any stray mess. Will watches him. He doesn’t object to diluted cleaner being used to wash his hands, that way he doesn’t cause more of a mess. His clothes are relatively unscathed, save for the cuffs of his sleeves and the hem of his collar,

Will sits at the table and watches Hannibal cook with a small smile.

It’s because he’s being provided for. He’s being fed. Taken care of. He has an Alpha now .

Hannibal starts a cake as well, a sweet and luxurious dessert for Will to feast on after. If the blood wasn’t so tainted by Will’s bites, Hannibal would have used it in the cake- it makes for a lovely egg substitute- to bring some savory umami in to cut the sweetness of the rich chocolate. Still, he’s certain it’ll be a lovely finish to their meal, sure as his wine will be a perfect compliment.

He pours two glasses of said wine and hands one to Will. They tap their glasses in a gentle cheers before drinking. Blood is left from Will’s lips on the glass, a lovely compliment to the rich darkness of the wine.

“The heart will be roasting for a while yet,” Hannibal tells him.

Will seems to have been waiting for that, and takes it as permission to grab the lapels of Hannibal’s suit and pull him into a messy, biting kiss, further smearing the blood across both their faces now. Hannibal, for once, doesn’t mind the mess. He relishes in it. He wraps Will’s curls around his fingers and yanks his head back, kissing and biting along Will’s throat in spite of- or perhaps because of- the metallic copper taste that floods his mouth. A path cuts through the red where his teeth and tongue made their paths, and if he’s lucky, there will be violet to mark his trail by morning time.

“Touch me,” Will orders. “Take me.”

Hannibal pushes him down on the freshly cleaned table and pulls at Will’s dark jeans- there is no saving these stained clothes now. He doesn’t care. He just wants him, maybe more than he’s wanted anything ever before. And even better than that, he can have him. He pushes up Will’s shirt to kiss his stomach, nuzzle at the joint of his hip. Fertility. Sickness. Sweetness. Perfect. He smells like slick and the metallic kill and Hannibal wants to devour him, something which he gleefully indulges in when he takes Will’s cocklet in his mouth to tease with his tongue.

He tastes more heavenly than anything that has ever graced Hannibal’s lips.

Only when Will is squirming for it, *begging for it* , does Hannibal indulge him by lining up with his slick hole and push in. He is as tight now as he has always been. Perfect. Hannibal tells him so between kisses, and realizes this is what he could have always had; nonetheless, he misses Will's aggression. Without realizing it he whines, prompting Will to wrap a palm around his throat.

Then he feels he can sink into this as deep as his body will go.

End Notes

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